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Spectator of Books.

ANTIQUARIAN NOVEL.

The Invasion. By the Author of "The Collegians." 4 vols. Saunders and Otley.

"*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*," says the well-known French proverb, and of novels we should say in English, it is too often the first chapter which decides your fate! The "genus irritabile" of poets is universally admitted and permitted, but authors should likewise be aware of another "genus irritabile" of writers who, though claiming sometimes but small affinity with themselves, have, nevertheless, much, whether justly or unjustly we know not, in their power—the critics. A novel-writer, after duly mystifying his laconic title-page, should take heed how he ventures too easily to perplex the careless gaze of some easy-going critic, who, having once met with an interruption in the smooth current of his ten-mile-an-hour perusal, is too apt to "put up" for good and all, and return the book to its original obscurity.

If the author of "The Invasion" had been aware of this, and had docked his first chapter of all the fine antiquarian jargon in which it abounds, our worthy colleague, Mr. Jerdan, would perhaps have been not quite so speedily frightened from his good resolves, and the book differently reviewed in *The Literary Gazette* of last Saturday.

As it is, however, the four volumes are most unceremoniously dismissed in rather less than one column, where Mr. Jerdan, after "fearing" that "much of time and talent had been bestowed on them in vain," for the reason that "an epic, a novel, a treatise on political economy, and an antiquarian essay, are materials that do not assimilate," proceeds, according to usual custom, to "allow our author to speak for himself," in the following passage from the preface:—

"It would be dealing unjustly, both by reader and author, to suffer the former to take up these volumes under the idea that he is about to peruse a historical novel. That branch of literature has, within our own day, attained a rank in which we are sensible the present performance could not, for an instant, maintain its ground. To the absorbing interest excited by deep passion, dramatic dialogue, and highly-wrought narrative, these vo-

lumes have not a pretension. Their most ambitious aim is that of presenting a correct picture of the surface of society in part of England, in Ireland, and in northern Europe, at an obscure period of the history of mankind." * * *

"Do not, either from indolence or prejudice, decry what has been constructed with care and study; and remember that what is uninteresting to one class of readers, may be useful to another. If it appears to you, that we pause too long on questions of law and government, remember that there are Irish readers who may not regret to find embodied, in a work of imagination, a synopsis of the early constitution, and of the moral history of their native land, and who may regard with an interest more permanent, if not more exciting, than that which addresses itself to the passions, an attempt at tracing, to their remotest origin, some of the influences which have concurred in the formation of the national character."

From this passage the author appears to have been somewhat aware of the "novel" character of his novel, and with a commendable modesty, having denied all pretension to the absorbing interest of "deep passion, dramatic dialogue, and highly-wrought narrative," entreats the patient hearing of the impartial critic upon other merits than that of a mere work of imagination, but all will not do;—the work is printed in four volumes, like a novel, it is taken up as a novel, and being found somewhat above the usual calibre of novel-skimming intellects, is condemned in the following sweeping remark:—

"Unfortunately the great mass of readers will ask for something of interest, and in that the narrative is utterly deficient. Much knowledge is displayed, and little invention; the antiquary has overlaid the author. The general reader should have a dictionary at his side. What can we say to passages like the following? 'They were followed by the brehoun, or lawyer of the sept, a man proficient in all the laws of life and property, megbote, manbote, and fredun, thanistry, gavelkind, mustertowne, south, assault, bode, garty, cean, lyenge, slanciagh, shragh, and a thousand other details of the ancient code of Inisfail.' * * *

"The wild stúic sent its blast over the tranquil waters; the winding adharcadh chuil, a kind of hautboy, awoke the echoes of the shore; the shrill piob-mala, or droneless bagpipe, contributed its mono-

tonous treble; the dudog, the lonloingean, the adharc, the cuisleagh ciuil, the fideog, the corn-bean, and other instruments of wind music."

"We, however, scarcely venture to cavil; for our author, in his preface, observes, 'that from the really well-informed we fear nothing; from the ignorant every thing.'"

Such is the conclusion of this (must we call it?) criticism! Both the miserable little extracts upon which Mr. Jerdan founds his condemnation of these four volumes are picked from the very first chapter of volume 1, further than which it is pretty evident the book, except in the columns of *The Gazette*, was not "cut up."

But enough of this, let us say what little we have to say from our own experience. In the first place we confess that we were, like our contemporary, rather annoyed at the display of learned words which our author, even in his first page, put forth—we confess that we felt but little avidity to turn that page—we confess that we laid down the book four several times before we reached the end of chapter 1, and that the two following chapters were none the less acceptable for being short. The fourth chapter, however, began with the youth and education of our Irish hero Elim, the son of the slaughtered chief, O'Haedha, to open fresh hopes and light upon us, and, by way of finish to our confessions, we went through the remainder of the first two volumes, with considerable interest and but little exertion.

From the two specimens which Mr. Jerdan, in his liberality, has selected, and from the remark that "the general reader should have a dictionary by his side," one might actually suppose that the whole of this work was written by one of Mr. Irving's disciples in "the unknown tongue;" but the fact is not so,—the author having gratified his vanity with a pretty plentiful display of antiquarian *aliases* in his first chapter, is quite content afterwards to call things by their right names, and, with the exception of a little quaintness of method, to talk as other people do in the nineteenth century.

Our author in "speaking for himself," as above, has given a pretty fair idea of the nature and tendency of his work, and leaves us but little to say upon that point. The "Invasion" is decidedly not a "novel," nor can it with propriety be

called a "romance;" it is more a *series of romances*, and, notwithstanding the preparatory declaration to the contrary, *does* contain a great deal of that dramatic dialogue and interest which belong to our best works of fiction. The characters are too numerous to admit even of mention, and the plot, or plots, surprise us at the turn of every page. The interest in both, however, is of a satisfactory kind, and there is an elegant chasteness about the general style which pleases us much. The period of the narrative is in and about the time of Charlemagne, and the story commences with the youth and education of our principal heroes: Elim, the chief of the Ithian race, and Kenric, the Northumbrian, who chance to meet and form a friendship at the Abbey College. The former becomes a good and virtuous prince over his people, and from an incident which happened in his earliest boyish days, first learned the superior glory of peace over the triumphs of war. The commencement of his education is thus told:—

"Almost from his infancy, young Elim gave indications of a generous nature, and of that constancy of temper, the reverse of obstinacy, which, if it be not virtue, is one of its most distinguished qualities. Strong in thought, quick and tender in affection, and cheerful and sweet in manner, his very childhood seemed to the whole sept to give promise of future good government. In the meantime his little frame was not neglected. O'Driscol Oge, who assisted Matha in her government, took a pleasure in teaching him the ordinary field exercises, while Melcha instructed him at morn and evening in the rudiments of his religious duties. Before he had reached his tenth year, he knew how to rein a hobbie, to drive a carbudh two in hand, to whirl the kran tabal, to dart the javelin, to wield the bia l with force and precision, and to use the igen and skiagh with dexterity.

"An incident occurred about this period, which, as it affords a glimpse into the character of both mother and son, may be here inserted with advantage to our history.

"In the course of acquiring the accomplishments above enumerated, Elim was necessarily much without the circle of his mother's observation. One morning, observing him alone on the platform of the Rath, she went out to enjoy the pleasure of sitting in the shade, and observing his amusements. Elim was too closely occupied to perceive her approaching. He was engaged at the instant in shooting at a leathern target, with one of those small Scythian bows which, in succeeding ages, were found so galling to the harnessed soldiers of Plantagenet. He seemed so much absorbed in his amusement that his mother paused a moment, unwilling to disturb him.

" 'There's Conraoi, the Ard-Draithe!' he exclaimed, as he shot an arrow at the target, not supposing that he was overheard. 'No; it is in the outer ring, 'tis but a hooded kern. There's Conraoi!' as he shot another); 'no;—'tis quite a miss. —Ha! there's a galloglach! And there's a tiaseach in the second ring. Now for the Ard-Draithe! Thou hooded chief, why didst thou murder Conall? Take that! No! no! Farrah! farrah! O'Haedhah a-bo! 'Tis in the centre of the field! 'Tis Baseg!'

"In the height of his exultation, happening to catch his mother's eye, he made a sudden pause and lowered his bow with a bashful air.

" 'Come hither, Elim,' said Matha, beckoning the young archer to her side. 'At whom hast thou been shooting?'

" 'At the Hooded People,' answered Elim.

" 'And why, my child?'

" 'Because Moyel told me that their chieftain killed my father.'

" 'And thou fanciedst to thyself, when thou hadst shot thine arrow, that it struck the Ard-Draithe of the Hooded People?'

" 'No, no!' said Elim, 'I aimed at the Ard-Draithe, but I shot the thanist, Baseg. I placed him in the centre, for he deserves it more than Conraoi.'

" 'Well, hear me, now, my boy. If thou livest until thou art as old as the senachie,' said Matha, fixing her eye reprovingly, yet affectionately on his, and raising a finger with an air of admonition, 'let me never hear thee utter words like these again. The Hooded People are our friends. My dear boy,' she continued, taking him into her lap, and pressing him tenderly to her bosom, 'I cannot too soon impress it on thee, that the Hooded People were not in truth the slayers of thy father, and the destroyers of all my hopes of earthly happiness. It is the miserable spirit of disunion which exists among the princes of our isle, that has truly wrought our ruin. If thou shouldst live to be a man, my boy, exert thyself to make thy countrymen united, and thou wilt do better than by taking solitary vengeance on the Hooded People.'

"So saying, she again embraced her child with tenderness, and retired to her apartment. Elim, who was surprised at her emotion, brooded deeply on her words, while he proceeded with his sport in silence. The incident led Matha to consider on the means of procuring her child an education. There was no alternative but that of leaving him ignorant, or parting with him during the period of his instruction. After some keen deliberation with herself, she at length resolved to leave him at Muingeridh,* a famous abbey on the shores of the Senan,† and the superior of which was a relative of

her own, until he should become proficient in the knowledge of his duties, and the learning of the day. The unprotected condition of the sept rendered it impossible for her to be his companion on the way. She determined therefore to commit the precious charge to the guardianship of her brother O'Driscol, and the escort of a troop of horse. When all was ready, on the eve of his departure, she went herself to announce the resolution to her son. She found him, as before, occupied on the platform in what seemed his favourite amusement. His arrows flew as nimbly as before, but the quarry was of inferior head.

" 'Now, for the osprey!' she heard him say, as he raised the bended weapon to his eye; 'is he hit? 'Tis but a puttock! Come, again! Now for him! Ha! there goes a heron winged! Again, Farrah! The osprey has it fast.'

"Smiling at the alteration, Matha summoned the boy into her own apartment, and acquainted him with the projected journey. The grief of Elim was keen, and his feelings amounted to dismay when he was given to understand that his free and sportive sea-side life must be exchanged for the retirement and discipline of a convent. The remainder of the day was spent in taking a long leave of his old friends and favourite amusements. He made Conla, the old filea, sing all his songs, and tired the harp-strings of the crotarie. He visited Clothra at her cottage, and resigned his puny arms to Moyel's keeping. In the morning, arising from a sleepless bed, he was summoned to his mother's room, where he received her parting counsel, and her benediction. She pressed him to her bosom, kissed, and resigned him to his uncle's care. With a keenness of anguish new to his nature, Elim, escorted by the mounted galloglachs, beheld the fair shores of Inbherseine, and the still lovelier crag and woodland of Glengariff, fade behind him, until they were shut out from his view by an intervening mountain. Towards noon, however, new sights and scenes began to occupy his mind, and restore his spirits to their usual buoyancy."

Of Kenric's first appearance at school we have an amusing account. Domnona, his mother, like too many good-natured mothers, has taken a great deal of pains to spoil her little boy, but also, like a sensible woman, is at length open to conviction, and consents to resign the tender youth to the no less tender mercies of his iron-visaged uncle, Vuscfraea, the much dreaded pedagogue:—

"She found Vuscfraea in the little school-room, through which, the instant she appeared, a sudden hush prevailed. All eyes were turned on the new comer with the curiosity manifested by the inmates of an aviary at the entrance of a new captive. While Kenric hardly dared

* Mungret.

† Shannon.

to look around, or raise his eyes to the hardly chiselled visage of the unimaginative Vusfræa, Domnona, in a gentle voice, made known her husband's wishes to his brother, and formally committed Kenric to his care. Vusfræa heard her with satisfaction, and appointed his nephew a solitary tripod, at a little distance from his own chair. As she was about to depart, Domnona, slightly confused, bade Vusfræa follow her into the passage leading to the street, and said :

" 'Thou must deal gently with my boy, Vusfræa. His poor thin frame could never bear hard usage. He had a fever-fit with his last teeth, and his little strength has never since returned. Besides, his disposition is so gentle, that a word to him is more than the rod to another boy.'

" Vusfræa heard her with a stern brow, his eyes fixed hard upon the ground, and one ear slightly turned towards Domnona, as if to give her a fair hearing. When she had ended, he replied, in a tone that made her tremble :

" 'I will make thy boy a scholar; I have no pets, no favourites, no darlings. There is no Cyprus, woman, on my map. Vusfræa makes not sybarities, but men.'

" 'Thou knowest best,' said Domnona, in a deprecating tone.

" 'Let Ailred keep his boy, continued the monarch of the pigmies, 'if I am to be thwarted in my discipline. If fondling and dangling be the education he desires for him, let him keep his boy at home. Let him keep him to feed kine, and fatten on the produce of the Dene, but leave letters to those who know how to endure and labour. Take off thy boy, take him off!'

" 'I pray thee,' said Domnona, 'say no more. Thou knowest best. I hope thou wilt not let Ailred know aught of this folly, Vusfræa. It was entirely my own motion.'

" So saying, and recommending her boy to the care of Providence, she left the house, while Vusfræa compressed his lips, and, pausing for a time, repeated in a severe tone :

" 'Thy motion! And I might have judged it so. Ye are proper guides for youth. Ye must have feasts and revels, jet from the hills, and coral from the coasts, your erne stones, muscle pearls, and chains of gold, your comforters and fisting hounds to carry in your bosoms. Nay, nay, Vusfræa's rod shall not bud and blossom for lack of use, I promise thee. Thy motion, sayest thou? I'll make that motion vain.'

" Notwithstanding this stern resolve, Vusfræa spared to Kenric the dernier punishment in such communities, but unfortunately made up in severity of manner what was omitted in corporeal discipline, and visited on his feelings the

infliction which he spared his frame. All who have undergone that fearful ordeal, the first day at school, may imagine something of Kenric's feelings after the departure of Domnona, and during the whole lonesome afternoon. Few of his school-fellows were of more than his own age, for Vusfræa only professed to prepare his pupils for the more expensive seminaries of Cair Grant or Inisfail. They were for the greater part of the day busy in humming over their tasks, so that an occasional glance, or whispered jest, was all the notice that the new scholar received throughout the day; and he sat in contemplative silence, the loneliest spectacle in all the Dene. Towards evening, when Vusfræa went to order some household business, those who had ended their literary toil, began to acknowledge their new companion in the usual manner, by gathering around his chair, and asking him sundry witty questions, such as— 'what kind of a man was his grandame?' 'how many feathers in a band-dog's tail?' 'what would he give a yard for the noise of a wheelbarrow?' &c. At length, growing more familiar, some took the liberty of pulling his hair, some tapped him on the head, some twitched him by the nose, and by divers sleights and jests so lowered him in his own esteem, that he looked upon them all as beings of a superior order. One boy, in particular, something above his own size, excited general amusement by taking Kenric under the arm, as if for the purpose of protection; but, while in a voice of ironical sternness, he commanded the others to forbear, he adroitly inflicted, under the mask of friendship, some severe corporeal chastisement behind; an insult of which Kenric, for prudential reasons, did not take any notice."

We must conclude our present extracts with the death-bed scene of the Ard-Draithe of the Druids, who had been mortally wounded by the chieftain of the Delvins, whom he had offended by first sending him the wages of a vassal, and afterwards calling him a "rhymer:"—

"Scarcely had Eogan concluded his narrative, when the hanging which veiled the door of the Ard-Draithe's chamber was put aside, and Tuathal, looking out, beckoned to the Ithian chief that he might enter. Elim arose immediately and obeyed the signal. The light in the sick room was so dull that it was some time before he could clearly discern the figure of Aithne, sitting on a heap of wolf skins, by the Ard-Draithe's bed. She turned around on the entrance of the Ithian, and, without rising, greeted him in the kindest manner. Her grief, though deep-seated, was not of that selfish and ungovernable kind, which sacrifices all consideration of others to its own indulgence; and Elim could not help admiring the simple and natural courtesy with which, even under the pressure of such

deep calamity, she expressed pleasure at the sight of a stranger, to whom she had been once of service. Soon after the aged Fighnin arrived, accompanied by his three overgrown daltadhs, whose faces, solemn even in scenes of joy, assumed on this occasion, a sepulchral ghastliness of aspect; looking, as Banba said, 'like owls assembling on a cairn.' While the old Fighnin was busy in examining the wound of Conraoi, one of these disciples asked Aithne to assist in preparing some simples for the dressing, and raised her spirits a little by relating numerous instances of astonishing cures, which they had made, in their course of practice. These hopes, however, were entirely banished when she heard, as Fighnin raised his head and looked on those around him, the despairing proverb that, 'the king's war surgeon would not save him.'

"Understanding this to be the case, the Ard-Draithe desired that he might be placed before the outer entrance of the Dun, in order that he might behold the valley ere he died. His wish was gratified, and he remained surrounded by his silent friends awaiting the last pulse of life. On his right stood Aithne and the Ithian; on his left were Fighnin, Eogan, and others of the household; while, ranged in the back-ground, like sentinels of death, appeared the motionless frames, huge eyes, and pendant cheeks, of the three daltadhs. To Elim's whispered question, Aithne replied, that all her influence had been tried in vain to induce him to prepare for death, or even to forgive his enemy. Still the occasion seemed so desperate, that Aithne, trusting to his love for her, addressed him once again in a calm and measured voice :

" 'Ard-Draithe,' she said, gazing on his face with an expression of the tenderest interest, and raising one hand with a slightly admonitory air, 'I entreat thee, by thy love for Carthan, and by thy reverence for my father's spirit, if thou wilt not die as Carthan died, at least depart in peace with all mankind.'

" 'With all, except the Delvins,' answered the Ard-Draithe.

" 'With them too, father,' said his niece, 'forgive them too, if thou wouldst be forgiven.'

" 'I forgive the O'Hædhas, and the O'Driscols, but I cannot forgive the Delvins,' answered the wounded man.

" 'Father,' said Aithne, 'Carthan has warned thee; I have warned thee. Thou hast had time enough, and it is coming to an end. At least, at least, forgive the Delvins, father.'

"The Ard-Draithe paused, and continued looking out in silence on the Coom. The sun had long gone down, but his yellow light still rested on the broken summit of the crags. On a sudden the guards were heard to challenge on the bridge, and presently a gory figure,

panting heavily, and seeming quite exhausted, appeared upon the threshold, bearing in one hand a bloody skene, while, with the other, he held suspended by the long red hair a human head, the features of which still quivered with the dying agony.

"'Coun Crehir go bragh!' shouted Duach, as he flung the ghastly burthen on the ground, and sunk bereft of strength upon the threshold.

"'It is the chieftain of the Delvins' head,' said Eogan.

"All started at the sudden apparition. The Ard-Draithe raised himself on his elbow to look upon the gory trophy, and said, with a shocking and revengeful smile:

"'The rhymer! the paltry rhymer!'

"At the same instant, sinking back upon his couch, he died. Aithne raised up her hands with a cry of terror and of anguish, and was conveyed in deep affliction to her chamber."

From what we have read of this production we may conscientiously award it very high commendation, and promise that its perusal will be found both amusing and profitable. It is a pity, however, that the matter has been so spun out,—spread, as it is, over the flimsy pages of four fashionable volumes.

THE GARRICK PAPERS.

The Private Correspondence of David Garrick with the most celebrated Persons of his Time. Vol. II. Colburn and Bentley.

A FIRST quarto volume of these "papers" having been published about a twelvemonth ago, is the occasion, we suppose, of the present second *livraison*; for, to no other purpose than that of preserving the "balance of power" so scrupulously attended to in the republic of bookshelves, can we attribute its appearance. The unhappy memory of the great Roscius being thus weighed down with two ponderous quartos, we are naturally led to inquire what the raking up and printing of all these important documents will profit either it or us. That so many papers written by and to so illustrious a character, should be totally devoid of interesting matter, we would not be so bold as to assert; that the facts and references they comprise are such as must be of incalculable value to any one concerned in the "life and times" of the great actor, we will readily allow; but that, generally speaking, they are only valuable as *raw materials* for the hand of the manufacturer, we will maintain; and the perusal or rather non-perusal of these interminable pages by the public, will fully establish our assertion. The industry with which these letters have been collected and transcribed is truly laudable;—such tough-handed penmanship as this task must have demanded, is not of every-day occurrence in the "world

of letters." Every individual scribbler, bashfully anonymous or boldly autographical, whose good nature or vanity prompted him to address a line of compliment or criticism to the immortal Garrick, is here, together with many who thought to maintain a friendly footing with him, by the continual ordering of places and tickets, included among "the most celebrated persons of his time;"—each little every-day line of thanks or compliment in answer to the above from the hand of Garrick himself, together with long and tedious controversies between him and his fractious *corps dramatique*, are included in all their monotonous similarity;—every little friendly note of private import, whose interest and sprightliness must have become flat and stale from keeping,—every trifling scrap or memorandum,—all, every thing, and every body, connected or in any way connectable with the aforesaid "David Garrick, and the most celebrated Persons of his Times," are pressed into the service to "make up a show."

This indiscriminate pillaging of the secrets of the tomb is one of the very lowest tricks of book-making, and totally unworthy of a man of taste or erudition. Such an individual, indeed, could never have been concerned in so unintellectual a traffic;—not that he would have been blind to or unmindful of the treasure within his reach; but that with the hand of a skilful artificer he would have passed the crude ore through the refining furnace of his brain, and so moulded it into a polished temple, full of grace and symmetry, and worthy of doing honour to the name of his idolatry. As it is, the heterogeneous masses are heaped together as they are found, and the "common herd of readers," (as says the Quarterly) unable like their amasser to discover their several intrinsic worth, turns from the unsightly Cairn with tasteless disappointment.

That our readers, however, may form their own opinion of what these letters are, and what might have been done with them by a skilful hand, we intend laying before them several entire and un mutilated specimens; and least we should be suspected of the slightest unfairness in our selection, we take those which have already been picked out by Messrs. Colburn and Bentley, to set before their readers in their *Gazette* of last week. Our extract is prefaced by Mr. Jerdan with the following elegantly penned invective:—

"Our next quotation is a letter of General Burgoyne's; and it affords a striking contrast between the ideas which persons in those days entertained relating to the privilege of free entrance to the theatres, to what prevail in our time, when every penny and two-penny newspaper writer, and every d—farce-contriver, claims his place (quære places?) or de-

nounces his vengeance. The height to which this has been carried is absolutely ludicrous. The very large houses do not feel it much, for they, alas! have ample verge and scope enough for any intruders; but at the smaller houses the demand is intolerable; and most theatrical folks are in such wholesome dread of the press, that they rarely dare refuse the most unreasonable *commands*. Some *scamp** gets up a literary concern, which lasts from six weeks to six months, and never circulates out of the circle of its own set—but woe be to the manager who refuses to such wights the *entrée ad libitum*! He shall be unmercifully treated; and all the world—i.e. some hundred and twenty readers—shall know of his misdeeds! We could mention more than one minor theatre where the newspaper press orders alone would fill every seat in the first circle of boxes, and where there are not two tiers. General Burgoyne was more modest."

The *Gazette* is right in reprehending the rapacious *commands* of the press. Would it not be well if some of our more expensive rivals were to take example from "a twopenny newspaper writer", and pay their money as *we* do at the doors?

Lieut.-General Burgoyne to Mr. Garrick.

"Wednesday, Nov. 9th, 1774.

"My dear sir,—Your obliging and most friendly letter was delivered to me yesterday at the moment I was sitting down to dinner with company, or I should have endeavoured on the moment to return my acknowledgments, with a warmth of expression due to that with which you have honoured me. In regard to the very signal distinction you propose to me of the freedom of the house, and the manner of presenting it, I hope you will permit me to decline the parade, and at the same time believe me truly sensible of the honour of it. I should feel myself as proud to be seated in Drury Lane by your deliberate judgment of my talents, as ever an old Roman did in acquiring the freedom of *his* theatre by public services; but you are at present too partial towards me; and, till I appear in my own eyes more worthy, I must request you to bound your kind intentions to an order for admittance occasionally to your green-room, where I promise neither to criticise your men ill-naturedly, nor lead astray your ladies. The having contributed the songs and music, and other reasons alleged for my introduction to your rehearsal

* Mr. Jerdan found it necessary, and advised all other "general readers," to consult a Dictionary in the perusal of the "Invasion." We have more than once, in like manner, had occasion to turn from the columns of the "*Gazette*" to a *Slang-Dictionary*. Perhaps the editor could recommend a "slap-bang-up-un" for the use of *his* "general readers!" [Ed. Lit. Guard,

sals, will, I conclude, equally pass with the company for this additional favour, without the necessity of any farther discovery. But as you kindly insist upon my directions, I desire it to be done by a simple order to Johnston, and no gold box, nor silver box—not even a mulberry one: you must give me a reception *Hamlet-like*—I will have no *appurtenances of welcome*. I think I may, without vanity, congratulate you upon the piece having laid hold of the audience last night. A general relish was very discernible. I could not help agreeing with a critic who sat near me, and who expressed himself delighted with the genteel scenes, that the introduction of the lamp-lighters was too coarse to assort with the rest. Suppose three or four of your girls were introduced in the act of weaving cords of flowers, such as the dancers use in the second act. They might fix one end of the cord to the scene, and keep slipping back as they weave the flowers, in the manner the rope-makers do, which would be picturesque. In that case, O'Daub's part might begin with his conversation with the architect; and he might present himself to the girls in some nonsense like the following: 'O'Daub. If these pretty maids would pay me with a kiss a-piece, 'faith, I'd paint them all round for nothing at all. Sure they look as bright as a May morning already, and a touch of my brush will make them remembered by those who never saw 'em.' If after this the two additional verses of the song were added, the words would apply, and with Moody's action might have effect. Should you approve this idea, or any one like it, the alteration is so short it might be studied and acted in half an hour; but I submit it to you on the sudden, like many crudities with which I have troubled you. Lord Stanley is come to town, and very earnest to see 'the Maid of the Oaks.' I send to Johnston for a box for Lady Betty to-morrow, that she may do him the honours, and I hope I shall succeed. If you could send me the copy this afternoon, I would return it in time for you to put it into the printer's hands to-morrow afternoon. Believe me, with the truest sense of the value of your friendship, dear sir, your faithful and obedient, &c. &c.

J. BURGOTNE."

"This was the unfortunate general, but successful dramatist, Lieut.-General John Burgoyne. The piece alluded to was 'the Maid of the Oaks,' a dramatic entertainment in honour of the present Earl of Derby's marriage with Lady Betty Hamilton, and referring to a *fête champêtre* given at the Oaks in Kent on that occasion."

"Our next short letter," says the *Gazette*, "supplies a happy application of Shakspeare to large theatres."—

Mr. G. Stevens to Mr. Garrick.

"Hampstead Heath, Dec. 20th, 1774.

"My dear sir,—To one so hurried as you are, short thanks are at present best. Any places you please, except in the back rows of your front boxes—

Where function

Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not."

That your fit of the gout may be as short as my letter, is the sincere wish of your very faithful

G. S."

Mrs. Abington to Mr. Garrick.

"Wednesday Morning, 1774.

"Indeed, sir, I could not play *Violante* to-morrow if my happiness in the next world depended upon it; but if you order me, I will look it over, and be perfect as soon as possible. Mrs. Sullen is ready; and I am sure if you are pleased to give yourself a moment's time to reflect upon my general conduct in the theatre, you will see that I ever made my attention to my business, and my duty to you, my sole object and ambition. I am, sir, your most humble servant,

"F. ABINGTON."

Mr. Garrick to Mrs. Abington.

"Adelphi, Sept. 26th, 1774.

"Dear madam,—As no business can be done without being explicit, I must desire to know if you choose to perform Mrs. Sullen. The part is reserved for you, and the play must be acted soon: whoever does it with Mr. Smith must do it with me—supposing that I am ever able to be the rake again. We talked a great deal last night, and, I am sorry to say it, without my having the least idea what to do in consequence of it. If 'the Tender Husband' can be done with credit, I shall immediately set to work, and with 'the Hypocrite.' I cannot create better actors than we have, and we must both do our best with them. Could I put you upon the highest comic pinnacle, I certainly would do it; but indeed, my dear madam, we shall not mount much if your cold counteracting discourse is to pull us back at every step. Don't imagine that the gout makes me peevish—I am talking to you in the greatest good humour; but if we don't do our best with the best we have, it is all fruitless murmuring and inactive repining. Something too much of this. I shall write to the author of the piece to-morrow night, which I read to you. I have yet obeyed but half his commands, as he wrote the character of *Lady Bab* for your ladyship. I must beg of you to speak your thoughts upon that, which after I had read it to you I promised to let him know your sentiments. I could wish, if you say any thing to me of our stage business, you would send it separately from your opinion of 'the Maid of the Oaks' and *Lady Bab*: with your leave, I could wish to

enclose what you say of the last to the author.

"DAVID GARRICK."

We have the pleasing information, that there are "some *fifty* letters of this kind" in this second volume.

Rev. D. Williams to Mr. Garrick.

"Chelsea, Jan. 7th, 1775.

"Sir,—The most unfortunate event that could have befallen me—the loss of an excellent and affectionate wife—has been the occasion of your not hearing from me immediately on Mr. Mossop's death. I had it not in my power to attend him in the first days of his illness. I found him preparing for death with that extraordinary solemnity which accompanied all his important actions. He had gone through the general forms of the church; but I believe only as religious and edifying forms, and unattended with any discourse on the state of his mind. His conversations with me were the most interesting that can well be conceived; and, from the extreme dejection of my own mind, and the high and tragical tone in which he expressed himself, they made a dreadful impression on me. His religion was tinged by the characters he had studied; and many of the attributes of God were the qualities of a Zanga or a Bajazet. Among other things which gave him uneasiness, and made him greatly apprehend the displeasure of that God before whom he was going to appear, his behaviour to you was not the least distressing. He accused himself severely of having attributed motives of conduct to you which he firmly believed you incapable of. He had thought himself neglected by you in his distress, and that you sent him terms which you knew he would not comply with, because you did not wish to see him on the stage. He saw that he had been deceived by an excessive pride; and lamented the injustice he had done you, not only in some pecuniary articles, which he did not thoroughly explain to me, but in giving ill impressions of your character to his acquaintance. The very night in which he died, he renewed this conversation. He often cried out, 'Oh! my dear friend, how mean and little does Mr. Garrick's present behaviour make me appear in your eyes, to whom I have given so different an idea of him! Great God, forgive me! Witness, my dear Williams, that I die, not only in charity with him, but that I honour him as a virtuous and great man. God Almighty bless and prosper him for ever!' I asked if he chose I should make any public use of what he had said, as a kind of satisfaction to Mr. Garrick. He was then much exhausted, and would only say, 'I will leave it to your discretion.' My intention for some days, was to convey the substance of this letter to you through the channel of the public papers. But on second thoughts, this method appeared to be the

best. Though you may know but little of me, and Mr. Johnston of your theatre was the only person besides who had heard him say things of this nature, I dare say you will not doubt the authenticity of the information. And I think it must give you pleasure, not only as a testimony to your character, which cannot be suspected, but as reflecting some honour on the memory of a man, who, though he was unfortunate and faulty, possessed many great and good qualities. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"D. WILLIAMS."

Mr. Garrick to Mr. Fountain.

"Sunday night (no date).

"I am really so hurried with a double share of business on account of George's dangerous illness and absence from me, that I scarce have time to write this. Why will you vex and fret yourself about the knight and what he says? [Sir John Fielding.] You praise him one day, and blame him the next: you are an honest man, but too warm; you are likewise a very just man, and should recollect that *blindness* is a great misfortune, and no object of resentment. Converse and talk over your grievances calmly with your wise friend, and avoid altercation with the Bow-street magistrate—it really hurts you. As for the friend or fiend you meet upon Westminster Bridge, be assured that it is somebody who has been much obliged to me. Let him publish and publish again, and do you laugh at him and despise him as I do, be he as great or as little a being as he will. I fear none of the scribbling pest. If you can see in any body's hands any promise of my brother's given for me, be assured I will at any time fulfil it; but for the threats of sc—s [scoundrels], I have had so many, and yet am beloved by the good and creditable, that it is not worth mine or any of my friends' while to listen to their nonsense.—I am, in great haste, yours, most truly,

"D. GARRICK."

Memorandum, Garrick to Sir W. Young.

January 10, 1776.

"I have ventured to produce 'Hamlet,' with alterations. It was the most imprudent thing I ever did in my life; but I had sworn I would not leave the stage till I had rescued that noble play from all the rubbish of the fifth act. I have brought it forth without the Grave-digger's trick and the fencing-match. The alteration was received with general approbation, beyond my most warm expectations. I shall play 'Lear' next week, and 'Macbeth' (perhaps) in the old dresses, with new scenes, the week after that, and then exit Roscius. I wrote a farce, called 'The Irish Widow,' in less than a week."

Mr. H. Kelly to Mr. Garrick.

"Thursday Morning, October.

"Dear sir,—On coming home from Drury Lane last night, where I was so highly charmed with your inimitable performance, I wrote a note to Mr. Baldwin, of *The St. James's Chronicle*, requesting a corner for an account of 'The Chances' this evening. Sending this morning for Mr. Baldwin's answer, he wrote me the note enclosed, to which you will see my answer, and by both you may form some certain opinion of Mr. B. I purpose writing an account to-day, and sending it for to-morrow, either to *The Morning Chronicle*, or to *The Morning Post*. There is a masquerade, my dear sir, this evening, and I should be much obliged to you if you would give my servant an order for the nun's dress worn by Miss Jenny in the 'Provoked Husband.'

Mr. Baldwin to Mr. H. Kelly.

"Thursday Morning.

"H. Baldwin presents his compliments to Mr. Kelly, and will think himself obliged for a short and candid account of 'The Chances,' under the head of *Theatrical Intelligence*. The want of room obliges him to request it may be short; and he hopes Mr. Kelly will avoid prejudice or gross partiality, though the alteration be the work of a Garrick. H. B. is sorry he was from home when Mr. Kelly's note came to hand.

Mr. H. Kelly to Mr. Baldwin.

"October.

"Sir,—I did not expect an affront where I proposed a civility. There was no necessity to warn me against gross prejudices against, or gross partiality in favour of, any body. The account I meant to send, I meant should be a candid one, and thought that when I gave Mr. Baldwin's paper a preference to all others, I was at least to be allowed my own manner of writing. I decline, therefore, the *honour* of a place so *condescendingly* offered me, and beg Mr. Baldwin will remember, that if I was capable of literary prostitution, there *might* be still a connexion between him and his humble servant,

HUGH KELLY.

Mr. H. Kelly to Mr. Garrick.

"Dear Sir,—Infinitely happy have I made two clergymen's families by the two orders. FORGET YOU I *never* can. What I owe you is engraven on my heart. Foolish I am; but ingratitude is not among the number of my vices. The fact, however, is, that the paper you allude to is not yet published. A torrent of advertisements has prevented it till to-morrow, when I shall send it to you certainly. I am, dear sir, everlastingly yours,

"HUGH KELLY.

"In bed. Oh, the curse of bad company!"

Mr. J. Clutterbuck to Mr. Garrick.

(On his quitting the Stage.)

"Jan. 23d, 1776.

"Joy! much joy! to my dear Garrick, for having wound up his bottom so wisely. You have made a retreat as glorious as that of Xenophon. (Baldwin, whom I believe you have seen at the Grove Coffee-house, would have written the Greek name Xenophun; because, as he would tell you, it implies being merry and wise); however, I most heartily congratulate you upon the event, and thank you for authenticating the news so much like a true friend. Only let me caution you during the march to beware of ambuscades; for though I see in the list of purchasers four names, yet such is my blindness, I do not perceive one Monsr. Argent-Comptant, whom I should prefer to all the rest; though, I beg Dr. Ford's pardon, perhaps he is the man, and not knowing him may argue myself unknown. I doubly rejoice, because *now* you may have time to pursue that inestimable treasure, health, and provide against that worst of evils, *old age*, which I am become thoroughly acquainted with. The vulgar have in many places a notion, that whenever, after the bite of a mad dog, the hydrophobia appears, the unhappy patient, by virtue of an act of parliament, is to be smothered between two feather beds; and if so, methinks it is pity that the act were not extended to paralytic cases, which generally leave the object in such a condition as makes it cruelty to endeavour at a prolongation of his life. But gadso', I forget I am writing a letter of felicitation, and that therefore the Book of Lamentations ought to be kept shut; yet I must on, and tell you that the severe weather hath embarrassed me with a cough of a long continuance, which mars my sleep and blunts my appetite. My dearest Molly, you may be sure, takes the lead of me in suffering, and the frosty weather almost kills her; however, she partakes in your success, and sends her kindest love to both of you."

If this systematic violation of every private correspondence and effusion of genius were unrestrictedly carried on, in our day, would it not effectually prevent the free converse of great souls with small, and justify that restraint and *hauteur* of which genius and talent are often, and sometimes too justly, accused? For our own part, our social intercourse with humanity will receive a severe check,—many a fair *confidante* will meet with disappointment at our hands, and our worthy landlady's accounts must henceforth be studiously destroyed, lest, on some convenient paper-publishing occasion, they give rise to impertinent curiosity.

EUGENE ARAM.

Eugene Aram; a Tale. By the Author of *Pelham*, &c. Colburn and Bentley.

HAVING already entered into considerable detail in our former review of this interesting work, we shall here restrict ourselves to a powerfully-drawn scene of the capture of Aram on the morning of his wedding:—

“Whether or not from the novelty and importance of the event he was about to celebrate, or from some less reasonable presentiment, occasioned, as he would fain believe, by the mournful and sudden change in the atmosphere, an embarrassment, a wavering, a fear, very unwonted to the calm and stately self-possession of Eugene Aram, made itself painfully felt throughout his frame. He sank down in his chair and strove to re-collect himself; it was an effort in which he had just succeeded, when a loud knocking was heard at the outer door, it swung open, several voices were heard. Aram sprang up, pale, breathless, his lips apart.

“Great God!” he exclaimed, clasping his hands. “Murderer—was that the word I heard shouted forth?—The voice, too, is Walter Lester’s. Has he returned?—can he have learnt?”

“To rush to the door, to throw across it a long, heavy iron bar, which would resist assaults of no common strength, was his first impulse. Thus enabled to gain time for reflection, his active and alarmed mind ran over the whole field of expedient and conjecture. Again, ‘Murderer,’—‘Stay me not,’ cried Walter from below, ‘my hand shall seize the murderer!’

“Guess was now over; danger and death were marching on him. Escape—how?—whither? the height forbade the thought of flight from the casement!—the door?—he heard loud steps already hurrying up the stairs;—his hands clutched convulsively at his breast, where his fire-arms were generally concealed—they were left below; that to his resolute and brave spirit was the bitterest thought of all. He glanced one lightning glance round the room, no weapon of any kind was at hand. His brain reeled for a moment, his breath gasped, a mortal sickness passed over his heart, and then the MIND triumphed over all. He drew up to his full height, folded his arms doggedly on his breast, and muttering—

“The accuser comes—I have it still to refute the charge,—he stood prepared to meet, nor despairing to evade, the worst.

“As waters close over the object which divided them, all these thoughts, these fears, and this resolution, had been but the work, the agitation, and the succeeding calm, of the moment; that moment was past.

“Admit us,” cried the voice of Walter Lester, knocking fiercely at the door.

“Not so fervently, boy,” said Lester, laying his hand on his nephew’s shoulder; “your tale is yet to be proved—I believe it not; treat him as innocent I pray, I command, till you have shown him guilty.”

“Away, uncle,” said the fiery Walter; “he is my father’s murderer. God hath given justice to my hands.” These words, uttered in a lower key than before, were but indistinctly heard by Aram through the massy door.

“Open, or we force our entrance!” shouted Walter again; and Aram, speaking for the first time, replied in a clear and sonorous voice, so that an angel, had one spoken, could not have more deeply impressed the heart of Rowland Lester with a conviction of the student’s innocence;

“Who knocks so rudely?—what means this violence? I open my doors to my friends. Is it a friend who asks it?”

“I ask it,” said Rowland Lester; in a trembling and agitated voice; “there seems some dreadful mistake; come forth, Eugene, and rectify it by a word.”

“Is it you, Rowland Lester? it is enough. I was but with my books, and had secured myself from intrusion—enter!”

The bar was withdrawn, the door was burst open, and even Walter Lester—even the officers of justice with him, drew back for a moment, as they beheld the lofty brow, the majestic presence, the features, so unutterably calm, of Eugene Aram.

“What want you, sirs?” said he, unmoved, and unfaltering, though in the officers of justice he recognised faces he had known before, and in that distant town in which all that he dreaded in the past lay treasured up. At the sound of his voice the spell that for an instant had arrested the step of the avenging son melted away.

“Seize him!” he cried to the officers; “you see your prisoner.”

“Hold!” cried Aram, drawing back; “by what authority is this outrage?—for what am I arrested?”

“Behold!” said Walter, speaking through his teeth—“behold our warrant! You are accused of murder! Know you the name of Richard Houseman? Pause—consider—or that of Daniel Clarke?”

“Slowly Aram lifted his eyes from the warrant, and it might be seen that his face was a shade more pale, though his look did not quail, nor his nerves tremble. Slowly he turned his gaze upon Walter, and then, after one moment’s survey, dropped it once more upon the paper.

“The name of Houseman is not unfamiliar to me,” said he, calmly, but with effort.

“And knew you Daniel Clarke?”

“What mean these questions?” said Aram, losing temper, and stamping violently on the ground; “is it thus that a

man, free and guiltless, is to be questioned at the behest, or rather outrage, of every lawless boy? Lead me to some authority meet for me to answer—for you, boy, my answer is contempt.”

“Big words shall not save thee, murderer,” cried Walter, breaking from his uncle, who in vain endeavoured to hold him; and laying his powerful grasp upon Aram’s shoulder. Livid was the glare that shot from the student’s eye upon his assailer; and so fearfully did his features work and change with the passions within him, that even Walter felt a strange shudder thrill through his frame.

“Gentlemen,” said Aram, at last, mastering his emotions, and resuming some portion of the remarkable dignity that characterised his usual bearing; as he turned towards the officers of justice—“I call upon you to discharge your duty; if this be a rightful warrant, I am your prisoner, but I am not *this* man’s. I command your protection from him!”

Walter had already released his gripe, and said, in a muttered voice:

“My passion misled me, violence is unworthy my solemn cause. God and justice—not these hands, are my avengers.”

“Your avengers!” said Aram, “what dark words are these? This warrant accuses me of the murder of one Daniel Clarke; what is he to thee?”

“Mark me, man!” said Walter, fixing his eyes on Aram’s countenance. “The name of Daniel Clarke was a feigned name; the real name was Geoffrey Lester; that murdered Lester was my father, and the brother of him whose daughter, had I not come to day, you would have called your wife!”

Aram felt, while these words were uttered, that the eyes of all in the room were on him, and perhaps that knowledge enabled him not to reveal, by outward sign, what must have passed within during the awful trial of that moment.”

Again, further on:—

Lester was about to answer, when at a turn in the road, which brought the carriage within view, they perceived two figures in white hastening towards them; and ere Aram was prepared for the surprise, Madeline had sunk, pale, trembling, and all breathless on his breast.

“I could not keep her back,” said Ellinor, apologetically, to her father.

“Back! and why? Am I not in my proper place?” cried Madeline, lifting her face from Aram’s breast, and then, as her eye circled the group, and rested on Aram’s countenance now no longer calm, but full of woe—of passion—of disappointed love—of anticipated despair—she rose, and gradually recoiling with a fear which struck dumb her voice, thrice attempted to speak, and thrice failed.

“But what—what is this—what means this?” exclaimed Ellinor. “Why

do you weep, father? Why does Eugene turn away his face? You answer not. Speak, for God's sake! These strangers, what are they? And you, Walter, you—why are you so pale? Why do you thus knit your brows and fold your arms? You, you will tell me the meaning of this dreadful silence—this scene! Speak, cousin; dear cousin, speak!

"Speak!" cried Madeline, finding voice at length, but in the sharp and straining tone of wild terror, in which they recognized no note of the natural music. That single word sounded rather as a shriek than an adjuration; and so piercingly it ran through the hearts of all present, that the very officers, hardened as their trade had made them, felt as if they would rather have faced death than answered that command.

"A dead, long, dreary pause; and Aram broke it. 'Madeline Lester,' said he, 'prove yourself worthy of the hour of trial. Exert yourself; arouse your heart; be prepared! You are the betrothed of one whose soul never quailed before man's angry word: remember that, and fear not!'

"I will not—I will not, Eugene! Speak, only speak!"

"You have loved me in good report; trust me now in ill. They accuse me of crime, a heinous crime; at first, I would not have told you the real charge; pardon me, I wronged you: now, know all! They accuse me, I say, of crime. Of what crime? you ask. Ay, I scarce know, so vague is the charge—so fierce the accuser; but, prepare, Madeline, it is of—murder!"

"Raised as her spirits had been by the haughty and earnest tone of Aram's exhortation, Madeline now, though she turned deadly pale—though the earth swam round and round—yet repressed the shriek upon her lips, as those horrid words shot into her soul.

"You!—murder!—you! And who dares accuse you?"

"Behold him—your cousin!"

"Ellinor heard, turned, fixed her eyes on Walter's sullen brow and motionless attitude, and fell senseless to the earth. Not thus Madeline. As there is an exhaustion that forbids, not invites, repose, so when the mind is thoroughly on the rack, the common relief to anguish is not allowed; the senses are too sharply strung, thus happily to collapse into forgetfulness; the dreadful inspiration that agony kindles, supports nature while it consumes it. Madeline passed, without a downward glance, by the lifeless body of her sister; and walking with a steady step to Walter, she laid her hand upon his arm, and fixing on his countenance that soft clear eye, which was now lit with a searching and preternatural glare, and seemed to pierce into his soul, she said—

"Walter! do I hear aright? Am I

awake—is it you who accuse Eugene Aram? your Madeline's betrothed husband,—Madeline whom you once loved! Of what?—of crimes which death alone can punish. Away!—it is not you—I know it is not. Say that I am mistaken; that I am mad, if you will. Come, Walter, relieve me: let me not abhor the very air you breathe!"

"Will no one have mercy on me?" cried Walter, rent to the heart, and covering his face with his hands. In the fire and heat of vengeance, he had not recked of this; he had only thought of justice to a father—punishment to a villain—rescue for a credulous girl. The woe—the horror he was about to inflict on all he most loved,—this had not struck upon him with a due force till now!

"Mercy—you talk of mercy! I knew it could not be true!" said Madeline, trying to pluck her cousin's hand from his face: 'you could not have dreamt of wrong to Eugene—and—and upon this day. Say we have erred, or that you have erred, and we will forgive and bless you even now!'

"Aram had not interfered in this scene. He kept his eyes fixed on the cousins—not uninterested to see what effect Madeline's touching words might produce on his accuser; meanwhile she continued—'Speak to me, Walter—dear Walter, speak to me! Are you my cousin, my play-fellow—are you the one to blight our hopes—to dash our joys, to bring dread and terror into a home so lately all peace and sunshine; your own home—your childhood's home? What have you done, what have you dared to do?—accuse him—of what? Murder! speak, speak. Murder, ha! ha!—murder! nay, not so! you would not venture to come here—you would not let me take your hand—you would not look us, your uncle, your more than sisters, in the face, if you could nurse in your heart this lie—this black, horrid lie!'

"Walter withdrew his hands, and, as he turned his face, said—

"Let him prove his innocence, pray God he do! I am not his accuser, Madeline. His accusers are the bones of my dead father! Save these, Heaven alone, and the revealing earth, are the witness against him!"

"Your father," said Madeline, staggering back, 'my lost uncle! Nay, now I know, indeed, what a shadow has appalled us all! Did you know my uncle, Eugene? Did you ever even see Geoffrey Lester?"

"Never, as I believe, so help me God!" said Aram, laying his hand on his heart. 'But this is idle now,' as, recollecting himself, he felt that the case had gone forth from Walter's hands, and that appeal to him had become vain.

"Leave us now, dearest Madeline; my beloved wife that shall be, that is! I go to disprove these charges; perhaps I

shall return to-night. Delay not my acquittal even from doubt—a boy's doubt. Come, sirs.'

"O Eugene! Eugene!" cried Madeline, throwing herself on her knees before him. 'Do not order me to leave you now—now, in the hour of dread—I will not. Nay, look not so! I swear I will not! Father, dear father, come and plead for me; say I shall go with you. I ask nothing more. Do not fear for my nerves—cowardice is gone. I will not shame you—I will not play the woman. I know what is due to one who loves him—try me, only try me. You weep, father, you shake your head; but you, Eugene, you have not the heart to deny me! Think, think if I stayed here to count the moments till you return, my very sense would leave me. What do I ask? but to go with you, to be the first to hail your triumph! Had this happened two hours hence, you could not have said me nay; I should have claimed the right to be with you, I now but implore the blessing. You relent—you relent, I see it!'

"Oh God!" exclaimed Aram, rising, and clasping her to his breast, and wildly kissing her face, but with cold and trembling lips,—'This is, indeed, a bitter hour, let me not sink beneath it. Yes, Madeline, ask your father if he consents; I hail your strengthening presence as that of an angel. I will not be the one to sever you from my side.'

"You are right, Eugene," said Lester, who was supporting Ellinor, not yet recovered—'Let her go with us; it is but common kindness, and common mercy.'

"Madeline uttered a cry of joy, (joy even at such a moment!) and clung fast to Eugene's arm, as if for assurance that they were not indeed to be separated."

We had yet one or two little points on which to remark, but can afford to wait another opportunity.

MOORE'S NEW POEM.

The Summer Fête, a Poem, with Songs,
By Thomas Moore, Esq. J. Power.

MR. MOORE has too long been a deserter from the regions of fancy, and, losing himself in the mazes of historic lore and political controversy, had well nigh stifled the still small voice of his graceful muse amid the inharmonious bickerings of "party." At length, however, "Merry Christmas" brings *The Summer Fête*, and with it comes the truant son of tropes and figures,—harmony and joyousness reign once more around him, and music lends her cheerful aid to give eclat to his return.

[We have here an agreeable and sprightly production, interspersed, as the title implies, with songs, duets, glees, &c. &c. of every denomination and character; forming altogether a melange which cannot fail of amusing a family circle with any capabilities for intellectual recreation.

For the groundwork of his poem, Mr. Moore is indebted to the memorable fête given some years since at Boyle Farm, the seat of the late Lord Henry Fitzgerald. "I was induced," says the author, "at the time to write some verses, which were afterwards, however, thrown aside unfinished, on my discovering that the same task had been undertaken by a noble poet, whose playful *jeu-d'esprit* on the subject has since been published. It was but lately, that, on finding the fragments of my own sketch among my papers, I thought of founding on them such a description of an imaginary fête as might furnish me with situations for the introduction of music."

After a short invocation to the "summer days that once inspired a poet's lays," &c. Mr. Moore proceeds to turn his heroine out of bed, in the following playful strain:—

"Thus spoke a young Patrician maid,
As, on the morning of that fête
Which bards unborn shall celebrate,
She backward drew her curtain's shade,
And, closing one half-dazzled eye,
Peeped with the other at the sky—
Th' important sky, whose light or gloom
Was to decide, this day, the doom
Of some few hundred beauties, wits,
Blues, dandies, swains, and exquisites.
Faint were her hopes; for June had now
Set in with all his usual vigour;
Young Zephyr yet scarce knowing how
To nurse a bud, or fan a bough,
But Eurus in perpetual vigour;
And, such the biting summer air,
That she, the nymph, now nestling there,
Snug as her own bright gems recline,
At night, within their cotton shrine,—
Had, more than once, been caught of late
Kneeling before her blazing grate,
Like a young worshipper of fire,
With hands uplifted to the flame,
Whose glow, as if to woo them nigher,
Through the white fingers flushing came."

The light at length appears, and the sun gives promise of fine weather. There is a higher merit than mere sprightliness in the following lines:—

"What must it be—if thus so fair
Mid the smok'd groves of Grosvenor Square—
What must it be where Thames is seen
Gliding between his banks of green,
While rival villas, on each side,
Peep from their bowers to woo his tide,
And, like a Turk between two rows
Of Harem beauties, on he goes,
A lover, lov'd for ev'n the grace
With which he slides from their embrace."

The drawing on of evening, and the hour of toilette are thus described:—

"Soon as through Grosvenor's lordly square,
That last impregnable redoubt;
Where, guarded with Patrician care,
Good, ancient error still holds out,—
Where never gleam of gas must dare
Against Old Darkness to revolt,
Nor smooth Macadam hope to spare
The dowagers one single jolt;

Where, far too stately and sublime
To profit by the lights of time,
Let intellect march how it will,
They stick to oil and watchmen still: *
Soon as through that illustrious square
The first epistolary bell,
Sounding by fits upon the air,
Of parting pennies rung the knell;
Warned by that tell-tale of the hours,
And by the day-light's westering beam,
The young lánthe, who, with flowers
Half crown'd, had sat in idle dream
Before her glass, scarce knowing where
Her fingers rov'd through that bright hair,
While, all capriciously, she now
Dislodged some curl from her white brow,
And now again replac'd it there;—
As though her task was meant to be
One endless change of ministry,—
A routing-up of love's and graces,
But to plant others in their places."

We will not follow Mr. Moore's festive muse through all its airy wanderings, nor tell how elegantly each of the eleven songs and glees are introduced to diversify the scene. We cannot, however, resist transcribing the admirable *finale* to the evening's entertainments:—

"But see, 'tis morn in heaven; the sun
Up the bright orient hath begun
To canter his immortal team;
And, though not yet arrived in sight,
His leader's nostrils send a steam
Of radiance forth, so rosy bright
As makes their onward path all light.
What's to be done? if Sol will be
So deuced early, so must we;
And when the day thus shines outright,
Ev'n dearest friends must bid good night.
So, farewell, scene of mirth and masking,
Now almost a by-gone tale;
Beauties, late in lamp-light basking,
Now, by day-light, dim and pale;
Harpers, yawning o'er your harps,
Scarcely knowing flats from sharps;
Mothers who, while bor'd you keep
Time by nodding, nod to sleep;
Heads of hair that stood last night
Crêpe, cripsy, and upright,
But have now, alas, one sees, a
Leaning like the tower of Pisa;
Fare ye well—thus sinks away
All that's mighty, all that's bright,
Tyre and Sidon had their day,
And even a Ball—has but its night!"

We have left ourselves but small space to talk about the music, the selection and composition of which by Mr. Bishop, and the poet himself is generally in good keeping with the character of the words.

* "I am not certain whether the inhabitants of this square have yet yielded to the innovations of gas and police, but at the time when the above lines were written they still obstinately persevered in their old *régime*."

AN INGENIOUS ESCAPE.

Newton Forster. By the Author of the King's Own. 3 vols. Cochrane and Co.

IN our former notice of this work, we confined ourselves almost exclusively to the description of the Forster family, and we think it but fair to select from the almost innumerable adventures in which it abounds, the following truly original sketch. Newton Forster and his little crew have been captured by the French,—hear how they effect their escape:—

"As soon as Newton and the other Englishmen were up the side they were pushed aft; their persons were then searched, and every part of their apparel, which appeared to be of good materials or little worn, was taken from them. Collins the convict was a good prize; he had put on shirt over shirt, stocking over stocking, and trousers over trousers, that the Frenchmen began to wonder if they ever should arrive at the "inner man." At last, he was unceased, an old pair of trousers thrown to him, and he was left without any other garment, shivering in the cold. Newton, who still retained his waistcoat and shirt, took off the former and gave it to the convict, who whispered as he thanked him, 'I don't care a fig, they have left me my old hat.' As soon as the recapture was manned, the privateer bore up for the French coast, and before morning anchored in the rocky harbour of Morlaix. At daylight the prisoners, who had received no refreshment, were handed into a boat, and on their landing, conducted by a party of *gens d'armes* to the prison. During their progress to their place of confinement Collins excited the amusement of the bystanders, and the surprise of his fellow-prisoners, by walking with his hands and arms raised in a certain position. After they had been locked up, he went to the barred window, and continued the same gestures to the people who were crowded about the prison, most of whom continued their mockery. Newton, who came forward to the window to request a little water for Roberts and Williams, who wished to quench their thirst and wash their wounds, which had not been dressed, inquired of Collins his reasons for so doing. 'It is for your benefit as well as mine,' replied Collins; 'at least I hope so. There are freemasons in all countries.'

"A few minutes afterwards, one of the people outside come forward, and pointed out to the sentry that the prisoners were making signs for water. The *gendarme*, who had paid no attention to Newton, listened to the appeal of his countryman, who, upon the grounds of common humanity, persuaded him to allow them such a necessary boon. The water was brought, and as the man walked away a sign unperceived by all but Collins, gave him to

understand that his appeal had been understood.

"All's right," said Collins to Newton, as he quitted the grating. "We have friends without, and we have friends within." In about an hour some bread was brought in, and among those who brought it Collins perceived the person who had answered his signal; but no farther recognition took place. At noon the door of the prison was again unbarred, and a surgeon came to dress the wounded men. He was accompanied by two or three others, deputed by the governor of the town to obtain intelligence, and the new acquaintance of Collins appeared as interpreter. While the surgeon dressed the wounds of Roberts and Williams, which, although numerous, were none of any importance, many questions were asked, and taken down when interpreted. Each prisoner was separately interrogated; Collins was one of the first examined. The questions put and answers given were carefully intermixed with more important matter. The person who acted as interpreter spoke English too well for a Frenchman; apparently he was a Dane or Russian, who was domiciliated there. He commenced with—

"No one understands English but me—but they are suspicious; be careful.—What is your name?"

"John Collins."

"Comment?" said the French amanuensis, "John Co—lin. *C'est bien; continuez.*"

"What is your rank?—and in your Lodge?"

"Common seaman—*master*," answered Collins adroitly.

"Comment?" said the party with his pen.

"*Matelot*," replied the interpreter.

"Demandez-lui le nom du bâtiment."

"What is the name of your ship?—how can we assist you?"

"*Terpsichore—a boat with provisions.*"

"Comment?"

"*Frégate croiseur Terpsichore.*"

"Does she sail well?—at what time?"

"*To-night, with a guide.*"

"Que dit-il?"

"*Elle marche bien avec le vent large.*"

"Demandez-lui la force."

"What number of guns?—how can you get out?"

"*Thirty-six guns—I have the means.*"

"*Trente-six canons.*"

"*Trente-six canons,*" repeated the Frenchman, writing, "*c'est bien—alors, l'équipage?*"

"How many men?—I will be here at dark."

"Two hundred and seventy men; but many away in prizes."

"*Deux cents soixante-dix hommes d'équipage; mais il y a beaucoup dans les bâtimens pris.*"

"Newton and the others were also inter-

rogated, the names taken down, and the parties then quitted the prison.

"Now, if we make a push for it, I think we may get off," said Collins to Newton and the rest, after the door had closed. "I never saw the prison in England which could hold me when I felt inclined to walk out of it; and as for their bars, I reckon them at about an hour's work. I never travel without my little friends;"—and Collins, taking off his old hat, removed the lining, and produced a variety of small saws made from watch-springs, files, and other instruments. "Then," continued he, "with these and this piece of tallow stuck outside my hat, I will be through those bars in no time. French iron ar'n't worth a d—n, and the sentry shan't hear me if he lolls against them; although it may be just as well if Thompson tips us a stave, as then we may work the faster."

"I say, Bill," observed Hillson, "who is your friend?"

"I don't know—he may be the governor; but this I do know, for the honour of freemasonry, we may trust him and all like him; so just mind your own business, Tom." "He said he would be here at dark," observed Newton. "Yes—I must prepare—go to the grating, some of you, that they may not look in upon me."

"This unexpected prospect of deliverance created an anxious joy in the breasts of the prisoners; the day appeared interminable. At last, the shades of night set in, and a clouded sky with mizzling rain raised their hopes. The square in front of the prison was deserted, and the sentinel crouched close against the door, which partially protected him from the weather. In a few minutes a person was heard in conversation with the sentinel. 'He must be coming now,' observed Collins in a low tone; 'that must be one of his assistants who is taking off the attention of the *gens d'arme*.'

"Make no noise," said a voice in a whisper, at the outside of the bars.

"I am here," replied Collins, softly.

"How can you get out of the prison?"

"Get the sentry out of the way when we leave off singing; the bars will then be removed."

"Every thing is prepared outside. When you get out, keep close under the wall to the right. I shall be at the corner, if I am not here."

The freemason then retired from the grating.

"Now, Thompson, not too loud, there's no occasion for it; two of us can work."

Thompson commenced his song; Newton took a small saw from Collins, who directed him how to use it. The iron bars of the prison yielded like wood to the fine-tempered instruments which Collins employed. In an hour and a half three of the bars were removed without noise, and the aperture was wide enough for their es-

cape. The singing of Thompson, whose voice was tolerably good and ear very correct, had not only the effect of preventing their working being heard, but amused the sentinel, who remained with his back to the wall, listening to the melody.

"Their work was so far accomplished. Thompson ceased, and all was silence and anxiety: in a few minutes the sentinel was again heard in conversation, and the voices receded, as if he had removed to a greater distance."

"Now, brother," said the low voice under the aperture.

In a minute the whole of the prisoners were clear of the walls, and followed their guide in silence, until they reached the landing-place.

"There is the boat, and provisions sufficient," said the freemason in a low tone; "you will have to pass the sentries on the rocks; but we can do no more for you. Farewell, brother; and may you and your companions be fortunate!" So saying, their friendly assistant disappeared.

The night was so dark, that although close to the boat, it was with difficulty that its outlines could be discerned. Newton recommending the strictest silence and care in entering, stepped into it, and was followed by the rest. Roberts, whose eyesight was a little affected from the wounds in his head, stumbled over one of the oars.

"*Qui vive?*" cried out one of the sentries on the rock.

No answer was made; they all remained motionless in their seats. The sentry walked to the edge of the rock and looked down; but not distinguishing any thing, and hearing no farther noise, returned to his post.

For some little while Newton would not allow them to move; the oars were then carefully lifted over the gunnel, and their clothes laid in the rollocks, to muffle the sound; the boat was pushed from the landing-place into the middle of the narrow inlet. The tide was ebbing, and with their oars raised out of the water, ready to give way if perceived, they allowed the boat to drift out of one of the narrow channels which formed the entrance of the harbour.

The rain now beat down fast, and anxious to be well clear of the coast before daylight, Newton thought they might venture to pull. The oars were taken by him and Collins; but before they had laid them three times in the water one of the sentries, hearing the noise, discharged his musket in the direction.

"Give way, now, as hard as we can," cried Newton; "it's our only chance."

Another and another musket was fired. They heard the guard turned out; lights passing on the batteries close to them, and row-boats manning. They

double-banked their oars, and with the assistance of the ebb tide and obscurity they were soon out of gun-shot. They then laid in their oars, shipped their mast, and sailed away from the coast.

"It was nine o'clock in the evening when they started, and at daylight the French coast was not to be seen."

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

The Rights of Morality; an Essay on the present State of Society, Moral, Political, and Physical, in England, &c. By Junius Redivivus. Effingham Wilson.

THIS little book professes to be a complete code of social and political economy, of public and private rights, national liberties, national morals, and national abuses; and is thus addressed—

"To the Reader."

"Truth is my motto; and I have conscientiously pursued it to the full extent of my reasoning powers. They may, perchance, not be of a very high class; and if, in consequence, I have laid down any proposition not deducible from the laws of reason, let the blame rest with those who may criticise my work, and have been the means of its appearing, by their own neglect in failing to fill the gap of ignorance among the poorer classes, so loudly calling for a remedy."

Frankly confessing our inability to appreciate the fairness of this method of apportioning out an author's sins, we turn to the "Introduction," which thus begins:—

"After a long night of misery, the dawn of hope is at length brightening the political horizon of Great Britain. The mists of ignorance are partially dispersing, and the walkers of the dark behold with astonishment the real composition of the stocks and stones which held them in fear and trembling. Like the frogs in the fable, who jumped upon their King Log, the people have made the discovery, that it was their own fear, and not the power of their bad rulers, which kept them in abeyance under a system of oppression, of which it is hard to say whether it was more stupid or wicked. The people at large were brutalized almost to a state of non-production by their tyrannical taskmasters, from a fear that they might discover an opening for escape; and that very brutality has produced an opposite effect. It is no cause of gratulation to reflect, that it was not manly remonstrance and the imposing display of power which operated upon the fears of the insolent oligarchy, but the stealthy work of the cowardly incendiary, who, in comparative safety, was nightly destroying their agricultural wealth. The fears that their dwellings might follow their cornstacks begat a nervous imbecility, which caused a premature delivery of the Reform Bill."

Junius Redivivus sets out upon his moralizing tour, with the following remark:—

"There is a principle existing in nature, 'that the whole raw material of the whole globe is the property of the whole human race, as tenants in common; and of this RIGHT no individual can be divested, notwithstanding the actual possession may be taken from him or her either by force or chicanery.' And he then proceeds to show, that in every case where one man has more than another, it has so been gotten by 'force or chicanery;' the whole principle of commerce being involved in the latter.

From the various matters discussed in this tiny code of legislature, we can only extract our writer's opinion of the National Debt:—

"The National Debt, as it is called, is a great bugbear in the estimation of many persons, who are accustomed to view it in the same light as if it were the debt of an individual. Even Mr. Cobbeitt talks gravely of paying it off, as if it were really a matter of importance. Who is the annual interest of the debt paid *by*? The nation! Who is the annual interest paid *to*? A part of the nation! What is the interest paid *in*? Certain pieces of paper representing a certain quantity of gold or silver, which gold or silver represents a certain quantity of provisions and necessities! The pieces of paper, then, are in reality tickets, by which food and necessities may be claimed; just as much so, as an overseer's order on a parish workhouse, for the admission of a pauper. The receivers of the pieces of paper are thereby entitled to live without labour, and whether they be known under the names of stockholder, fundholder, or public creditor, they are in reality, just as much as paupers, as the unproductive individuals known under that name in parish registers. The only difference in the practice is, that the one gets his ration from the general government or nation, and the other gets it from the local government or parish. If the first alleges that some one has originally given value to the nation for the amount of stock, so also the latter may allege that he, or his ancestors, have contributed to the building of the parish workhouse and the parish church. The original lenders of money to the government only lent what surplus they had collected from the joint labours of the community; because, it is clear that their individual hands were not the fabricators of the rations, and materials, and munitions of war, which their money represented. So, also, the wealthy tradesmen and rate-payers of parishes have accumulated their wealth by means of the labour of the productive classes."

It will be seen, that this book contains some shrewd and pertinent observations, mixed up with a vast quantity of false

statements and false reasoning, whose publication, at the present moment, is eminently calculated to do mischief.

The Works of Lord Byron, with his Letters and Journals, and his Life, by Thomas Moore, Esq. 14 Vols. Vol I. Murray.

BOOKSELLERS are beginning to learn the seeming paradox that small profits are most profitable, in as much that the sale of 10,000 five shilling volumes may be made to yield more than 500 books at a guinea. The reading public at large must assuredly benefit by the discovery, and the author instead of being obscurely popular amongst a select coterie of *litterati*, enjoys a reputation extensive as it is glorious. Mr. Murray has paid a just tribute to the memory of the greatest genius of modern times, by the publication of this cheap and elegant edition of all his works, and every thing of interest connected with them; thus disseminating upon thousands and tens of thousands what hundreds only had formerly been enabled to procure.

This little book, which contains the first portion of the noble bard's letters, from the quarto edition, is got up in a tasteful green binding, and creditably embellished by two of Finden's well finished engravings, forming decidedly one of the handsomest and most acceptable presentation volumes of the season.

The French Poetical Gift. Edited by Monsieur Fenwick de Porquet.

THIS is another useful elementary work by M. de Porquet, whose French Letter-Writer, and French Reading Lesson Book, we have already taken occasion to recommend. The present little volume consists of well-selected extracts from all the principal French poets, care being taken (we think successfully) to exclude all expressions that might admit of improper or dubious import. Each series of extracts is prefaced by a brief but well-written memoir of the author to whom they belong, and the explanatory English notes are sufficiently comprehensive. The chief fault we have to find with Mons. de Porquet's books is in the composition of his title-pages,—such strange jumbles of English-French, or French-English, we never beheld! For instance, the one now under consideration runs thus:—"The French Poetical Gift, or, *Cours élémentaire de Littérature*, from Malherbe to Voltaire, intended," &c. &c.

Music.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE box office is at length opened, the Programme is printed, and the first performance fixed for the 24th or 28th instant. This "looks like business," and we hope success may be in the event. We have been favoured, late in the week, with

a copy of the manager's proposed "arrangements for the season of 1832," and with pleasure devote a limited portion of our columns to some of its principal features. In the first place, the list of *Operatic* artistes looks well, and contains all the names we some three weeks ago mentioned, with several additions; the *Ballet* is, if any thing, yet more splendid, and, notwithstanding the friendly insinuations of *The Athenæum*, does contain the name of Taglioni as large as life; furthermore be it known, contrary to the apprehensions of the said learned critic, we are also promised an *Orchestra*, and the names, which are already supplied us to the number of fifty-six, comprise *all* the talent of the former band, together with very many whose abilities we have admired at various other performances.

Now to let our impresario "speak for himself," (in *The Gazette* fashion,) and then heartily to wish him all the profit and glory he merits.

"The following are some among the musical works which are proposed to be represented:—The 'Esule di Roma,' and 'Olivo e Pasquale' of Donizetti—'La Straniera' of Bellini—'Il Demetrio e Polibio' of Rossini, being the first production of his pen; with, perhaps, the 'Armida' or 'Ermione' of the same author—'L'Alfredo' of Mayr—'Il Sansone' of the celebrated Professor Basily, now the President of the Imperial Conservatory of Music at Milan—'La Vestale' of Spontini—'L'Annibale in Bettinia' of Niccolini—'La Sylvana' of Weber—'Il Matrimonio per raggiro' of Cimarosa—the 'Maometto' of Winter—and 'L'Idomeneo, Rè di Creta' of Mozart, being his first, and by himself esteemed his best, dramatic production, and never before represented in this kingdom. In addition to the above, the celebrated Opera of 'Robert le Diable' has been purchased, and, with the original Performers from the Académie Royale at Paris, will be produced under the immediate direction of its great author, Meyerbeer. On this occasion, an Overture, which has hitherto been wanting, will be composed by him, and no exertion or expense avoided to render the whole the most perfect entertainment possible. The 'Esule di Granata' of the same author, will at the same time be brought out, under his direction, the entire of the second act being re-written for the occasion: 'La Dame Blanche,' translated into Italian, will likewise be represented by the performers of the Académie Royale, and Mr. Boildieu, the author, it is expected, will add to its interest, and ensure its success, by his presence.

"Offers have been likewise held out to the celebrated Maestro Paër, to attend at the representation of his most favoured work, 'Sargino,' which the Director has reason to believe will not be refused.

"A company of German performers, of the highest talents their country could afford, have been engaged to represent the chefs-d'œuvres of their national composers, in their native language, during the months of May and June. These performances, with the grand Ballet, will be produced alternately with the Italian Operas, and subscriptions will be opened for the same, either separately or in conjunction with the ordinary entertainments of the establishment. The company, which has been selected from the *élite* of all Germany, will be complete both in numbers and ability."

(We are sorry we have not room for the list, which is numerous and well selected.)

"The Choruses, brought expressly from the neighbouring parts of the Continent, will be put under the direction of Mr. Roeckel, of Aix-la-Chapelle, who has been engaged from Paris for that purpose; and the Music will consist of all the principal modern compositions of the German school. The 'Fidelio' of Beethoven—'Eurianthe' and 'Freischütz' of Weber—the 'Jessonda' of Spohr—the 'Hochzeit des Figaro,' 'Belmonte e Constanze,' and 'Don Juan' of Mozart—the 'Macbeth' of Chelard, who has been induced to come from Munich, to preside at the representation—the 'Vampyr' of Lyndpaintner, who likewise will honour the performance with his presence—the 'Emmeline' of Weigl—the 'Röberbraut' of Ries;—these, and whatever others may be found in the repertoire of the existing company, shall be represented in the great Theatre of the Italian Opera House."

We understand that *L'Esule di Roma*, and *La Vestale* will be the earliest productions, introducing Signor Winter, Madame De Meric, &c. A new *divertissement* is being composed by Signor Costa.

Drama.

DRURY LANE.

Friday.—The Brigand; the Bride of Ludgate; Harlequin and Little Thumb.

Saturday.—Guy Mannering; the Pantomime.

Monday.—Macbeth; the Pantomime.

Tuesday.—Rob Roy; the Pantomime.

Wednesday.—My own Lover; the Pantomime.

Thursday.—Love in a Village; the Pantomime.

COVENT GARDEN.

Friday.—Brother and Sister: the Irish Ambassador; Hop o' my Thumb.

Saturday.—Fra Diavolo; the Pantomime.

Monday.—Romeo and Juliet; the Pantomime.

Tuesday.—Old and Young; the Pantomime; the Miller and his Men.

Wednesday.—Cinderella; the Pantomime.

Thursday.—The School for Scandal; the Pantomime.

SHALL we make "much ado about *nothing*," and occupy three columns of our already crowded sheet to tell our readers

there is "nothing new under the sun?" No! rather let us briefly pass over that which, being nothing, calls but for small mention; and record that Charles Kemble performed *Mercutio*, on Monday last, with all his own peculiar taste and polished humour, and received a hearty welcome, on his first appearance, since his late indisposition. This we consider to be one of his most agreeable and praiseworthy performances, and the play, in other respects, paying due respect to Miss Kemble's *Juliet*, is well cast at this theatre.

My own Lover, the three-act drama, at Drury Lane, is a new turn out of as old a plot as ever blessed our grandfathers' eyes and ears. A young lady, *Donna Julia*, with the amiable intention of trying the affections of her swain *Don Vincent*, assumes the male attire, and air; and after nearly torturing his susceptible jealousy into fatal consequences, removes her disguise and his fears, and—all ends happily. There are some amusing underplots and scenes, which caused considerable laughter; and the two heroes being played with spirit by Wallack and Miss Phillips, the piece was given out for repetition to the general satisfaction of the audience.

Mr. C. Kemble appeared again on Thursday as *Charles Surface*; and the new tragedy of *Catharine of Cleves* is at length promised for Wednesday next.

SURREY.

THE VESPER BELL, or the Birth of Liberty; Old King Cole; Mariette.

THE new pieces here seem to have a very short run. Mr. Bernard brought out, the week after Christmas, a drama founded on the "German" (why not Greek?) superstition of "The Metempsychosis," which was stated to be "the first play produced in England on the subject." Why this unusual piece of intelligence was given we cannot guess, especially in the face of the fact, that a piece with the same title, and founded on the same story, (in Blackwood's Magazine,) was produced about a twelvemonth ago at Tottenham Street. It was more successful there than at the Surrey, albeit, at the latter, supported by those congenial souls, Elton and Cobham, in the two students. *The Vesper Bell* has been more fortunate: the plot is taken from the well-known historical incident of "The Sicilian Vespers," a very good foundation, which is made the most of. Mrs. W. West made her first appearance in London since her dismissal from Drury Lane, in the heroine; of course she was received with thunders of applause; but we are afraid she has hardly energy enough for a minor audience, who expect the ladies to have stentorian lungs, and to be able to fight a "terrific broadsword combat" or two in the course of each evening.

SADLER'S WELLS.

Victorine, or the Orphan of Paris; the Married Bachelor; the Ocean Queen.

"VICTORINE" has at length wandered to Islington; she is not the west-end lady, however, but one who, on flying from her native city of Paris, vainly attempted to take refuge in the Whitechapel Pavilion, where she was so ill-used, that she staid only a few nights. Her residence at the Wells, we are afraid, will not be much longer. "They manage these things better" in the Strand.

CITY.

Ambrose Gwinnett; the Broken Heart, or the Farmer's Daughter of the Severn Side; Azim, or Wants and Superfluities.

THIS house has become, stock and block, a mere double of the Coburg, Mr. Davidge being now the proprietor. All the old pieces of that house are accordingly being produced as novelties, while the same performers appear at the two theatres on the same night; an economical plan, which has been tried before, but never yet succeeded. Miss Smithson is announced,—but she, too, is to have "two strings to her bow."

THE COMETS.—ALLEGED ERROR.

To the Editor of *The Literary Guardian*.

SIR,—As a *Literary Guardian* and scientific champion, I am surprised you should have quoted mistakes from "The Times' Telescope," respecting Biela's comet. This comet appeared last in the Midsummer of 1819, (not 1826;) and a period of 12 years, or 4380 days, (not 2460, &c.) being increased by a retardation of the planet Jupiter, in its aphelion during the years 1824-5-6 will become 13 years, but not the slightest perturbation can arise in May, 1831; and I consider that* October is a very long reckoning, but that is a matter of opinion.

I am, Sir, Your Well Wisher.

"A DEED WITHOUT A NAME."

SHAKESPEARE.

"It was in the good city of Norwich, in the year of our Lord, 1235, and in one of the obscurer streets, that on the eve preceding Good Friday, Dorcas Pinfold sat restlessly watching her half-expiring fire, unconscious of every thing but her weary thoughts. From time to time she moved heavily to the door, and as often resumed her seat with a deeply-drawn sigh amounting to a groan, occasionally opened the window of her humble dwelling to catch the sound of the footsteps for which she was so anxiously awaiting. Her eyes were red with weeping, and she was evidently in the condition of one refusing to be comforted, until the travail of her mind was delivered of its burthen. It was near

* If it be October, the distance is less than half of 50,000,000 miles.

midnight ere the well-known foot of her husband was at the door; he lifted the latch, and he entered alone. The afflicted wife threw herself on his bosom, and wept aloud. 'Then you have found him not?' she cried in her agony, 'and my child is lost.'—'Take comfort, dame,' says her sympathizing partner, 'don't take on so, to-morrow I will try again.'—'To-morrow,' replied the wife, in a tone which showed that the word had tolled the knell of hope, 'To-morrow!' the word was uttered in the very bitterness of her soul, and her husband could find no room for consolation. They retired to their humble pallet, and, exhausted by the violence of her emotions, the bereaved mother fell asleep.

"The morning of the anniversary of the Crucifixion dawned brightly on the citizens of Norwich, and solemn were the preparations for a fast so sacred to the Christian church. It was the custom of the tribes of Israel then, as at the present day, to be located in a particular part of the town called the Jews' quarter, and dearly they paid for the slender protection they enjoyed; on every or no provocation they were imprisoned, and the heaviest fines were laid upon them. These things they endured with a spirit of outward patience, but of real hatred, which only waited for its hour of revenge. It was not probable that on such a day they would expose themselves to a larger share of popular odium, which religious prejudices would be sure to excite, this season was therefore to them a time of greater persecution, and they remained within their houses, as the safest method of avoiding insult and derision.

"It was in one of these houses, on the morning we have described, that a girl of no ordinary beauty belonging to this people was engaged in domestic offices, with a thoughtfulness on her brow, and an expression of sorrow and alarm in her countenance far beyond the years she had numbered, which could not be more than fifteen.

"'Leah, child, what ails thee?' said a matronly female, in the accents of compassion, 'thou art not well.' The maiden answered only by her tears, which now flowed without restraint.

"'Speak, daughter, what is thine affliction, and who has caused thee this sorrow?'

"'Oh, mother, dear mother'—here her voice failed her, and she sat down the very image of horror and despair. A Jew of stern aspect entered the apartment, and darting a dark inquiring eye from mother to daughter, seemed to expect that a scene so unusual should be explained. Ere the elder female, however, could speak, the girl fell at his feet, and in a voice of anguish exclaimed, 'My father, spare him, oh, spare him.'

"The Jew looked angry. 'Yes,' she

continued, weeping bitterly, 'I have discovered your guilty purpose, and God has surely sent me to prevent it.'

"'Child! Leah! what madness is this?'

"'Oh, father, stain not thy soul with the blood of that Christian boy; I heard the dreadful conversation thou hadst last night with the Rabbi Ben Ezra. Oh, thou wilt not, thou canst not lend thyself to outrage so bloody!'

"'Take her hence,' cried the Jew furiously, and gathering up his garments retreated precipitately from the room.

"Horror-struck at the language she had heard, yet all the mother's feelings stirring within her, the Jewish matron gazed with a mixture of compassion and fear upon her child, dreading yet fearing the solution of a mystery so terrifying. She led her weeping daughter from the room, hoping when the tempest of her grief subsided, to learn the cause of the scene she had witnessed.

"It was the feast of the Passover, and eaten indeed it was with 'bitter herbs,' during the renewal of the worse than the Egyptian persecution of this unhappy race. It is recorded that the early Christians were assembled in a house 'for fear of the Jews,' and now the largest chamber in an humble dwelling was the best spot left the scattered tribes to commemorate their great deliverance, and this 'for fear of the Christians.' Yet the festival of Moloch was never celebrated with bloodier rites than were attempted on this occasion. Irritated to madness by the persecutions they endured, and attributing all their miseries to religious prejudices, they determined to gratify at once their revenge, and to stigmatize the Christian religion, by a mockery of the day which added new indignities to their race, and fortified their enemies in the violence of their hate.

"By fraud they had inveigled a boy into the house; they had detained him by artifice, and by the tempting food with which they had supplied him; and they, with a refinement of cruelty, prepared to sacrifice him in mockery of that awful event which was now solemnizing in the Christian church. They had just grace enough to prevent the knowledge of their intention reaching the ears of the women, but in consequence of the discovery by the Hebrew girl they hastened the proceedings for their blasphemous design.

"It was in a dimly-lighted chamber, that about twenty Jews, spectators and actors in this bloody tragedy were assembled, some with a sternness of purpose which indicated the ferocity of their tempers, others half afraid of the scene they had come to witness. A rude cross had been erected, and every thing which could enable them to complete their atrocious parody was prepared. It was at this moment that a man besmeared with blood and dirt, and his garments in disorder,

rushed into the room; he closed the door with violence, and, exhausted by terror, sunk on the first seat that presented itself. He was of some consideration in this tribe, and the conscience-stricken murderers quailed at the abruptness of his appearance. The cause was soon explained; he had been into the city, and detected during one of the processions, had been cruelly beaten, and had narrowly escaped with his life. As he related his wrongs, in the feeble tone which exhaustion permitted, the eyes of Rabbi Ben Ezra flashed fiercely, while a malignant smile played horribly round his mouth; he clutched his hand with convulsive energy, as if feeling the weapon wherewith he might gratify his revenge—'Children of the promise,' he exclaimed, 'peeled and scattered as ye are—'

* * * * *

"Mr. Editor.—I found the foregoing pages on the table of an *historical* romance writer, and I determined at once to disappoint his purpose. What, Sir, is it through such a medium that we are to keep up religious prejudices, and find on every occasion of public excitement some new fuel to feed the flame of persecution. Here is a man who has been hunting some old records, and finds an historical anecdote, out of which he undertakes to furnish 3 vols. octavo, to be called—(I believe, he leaves the title to Mr. Colburn, who is said to be clever in this line)—print it, Sir, expose him, and let any one of the fraternity fill up his outline if he dare. I have since traced the writer to his authority; he has been raking among the ashes of old Mathew Paris, who relates, that 'in the year 1236, the Jews gave a fresh proof of their villany; for at Norwich they got another boy, and circumcising him, they named him Juriaus, and kept him to be sacrificed in contempt of the Crucifixion: but the father of the child making diligent search after him, at last discovered that he was hid in a Jew's chamber. When this came to the ears of William Poole, bishop of the diocese, who was a very prudent circumspect person, he, with other persons of quality of the country, not suffering so great an indignity to the Christian religion to go unpunished, seized upon all the Jews that were in the city, and when they would have sheltered themselves under the king's authority, the bishop told them that these things appertained to the church, and were not to be adjudged in the king's court, when the matter in question was concerning circumcision and the violation of their faith; so four of the Jews being convicted of the forementioned crime, were drawn to their execution at horses' tails, and afterwards hanged upon a gibbet.'

"On another paper was written '*Hints and Memos.* for historical romance.'

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"De Vita et Moribus Judæorum, &c. &c.

"Jewish names.

"Good Friday—Practices of the Ancient Church.

"Mode of Celebration, &c. &c.

"I am happy to have prevented this outrage, and I trust that some enlightened Jew will immediately put forth a tale, entitled—

"A Christian Bishop, or the New Caleb Williams;

"A Romance of Burke.

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant, S."—[*Diamond Magazine*, a monthly publication, conducted with great spirit and ability].

Miscellanea.

On the Fortification of Manchester Gaol.

Prisons, of old, were built, no doubt,
To keep the *ins* from breaking out;
But now (like *Cabinets*) begin
To keep the *outs* from breaking in.

Quack Medicines.—The shameless attempts of many persons to vend their various wares under the pretence of their being good against cholera is not without precedent. In the year 1750, a mad enthusiast, a private in the Life Guards, predicted that London would be overthrown on the 8th of April, in the last year, when an impudent quack sold a large cargo of pills, which he assured the people were "*good against earthquakes!*"

Guardian's Literary Intelligencer.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.—NEXT WEEK.

Tuesday, 17th.—Horticultural, 1 P.M. Linnean, 8 P.M.

Wednesday, 18th.—Royal Society of Literature, 3 P.M.; Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.

Thursday, 19th.—Antiquarian, 8 P.M.; Royal, 8½ P.M.

Friday, 20th.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.

Saturday, 21st.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.

NEW BOOKS.

Companion to the Endless Amusement, 18mo. 2s. 6d.

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Landscape Illustrations to Waverley Novels, 2 vols. royal 8vo. half-bound, 4l. 4s.

Fenton's French Speaker, 12mo. 4s.

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Memoirs of the Wernerian Natural History Society, vol. 6, 18s.

Chambers's Scottish Jests and Anecdotes, 12mo. 6s. 6d.

Le Talisman for 1832, 12s.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Mr. Wood is preparing for the press a complete Illustration of the Lepidopterous Insects of Great Britain.

A new edition of Cavendish, highly corrected by the author, is daily expected.

Mr. Charles Bucke, author of the "*Beauties, &c. of Nature*," will shortly present to the public a volume on the Life, Writings, and Genius of Akenside, with some Account of his Friends.

Norman Abbey, a Tale of Sherwood Forest, by a Lady; and the Young Muscovite, a Novel, by Captain Chamier, are expected next week.

Preparing for publication, Maternal Sketches, with Minor Poems. By Eliza Rutherford.

The Domestic Manners of the Americans. By Frances Trollope.

Mr. Quilley has just completed his mezzotint Engraving of the Departure of the Israelites from Egypt, after the splendid picture by Mr. D. Roberts, in the possession of Lord Northwick.

The Member; an Autobiography. By the author of the Ayrshire Legatees.

The following Works are just published by JAMES COCHRANE and CO., 11, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

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THE NOVELISTS' LIBRARY; with Biographical and Critical Notices, by Thomas Roscoe, Esq., and Illustrations, by George Cruikshank, price only 5s. each, publishing in Monthly Volumes, uniform with the Waverley Novels.

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II.

MR. THOMAS CAMPBELL'S NEW POEM.

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